

INSIDE A G.I. JOE HELICOPTER
SKIMMING LOW OVER THE ALASKAN
TUNDRA...

SEE THAT COLUMN OF BLACK SMOKE
NEXT TO THE OIL PIPELINE? THAT'S YER
NEW UNIT, THE G.I. JOE TEAM, RIGHT
IN THE THICK OF IT AS USUAL!

LOOKS LIKE COBRA KNOCKED
OUT THE MOBAT AND THE LASER
CANNON! OUR BOYS MUST BE PINNED
DOWN IN THAT DEPRESSION BY
COBRA INFANTRY...

BOY HOWDY! LOOKIT THEM TWO
REMAININ' COBRA TANKS TURN
TAIL AND HEAD FOR THE HIGH-
COUNTRY! MUST THINK I'M PACKIN'
AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILES INSTEAD
O' REPLACEMENTS!

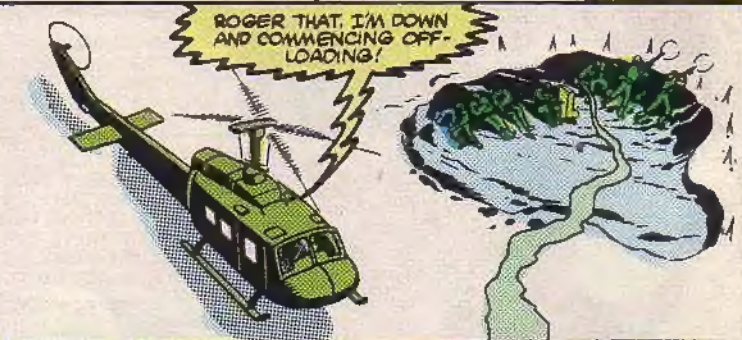
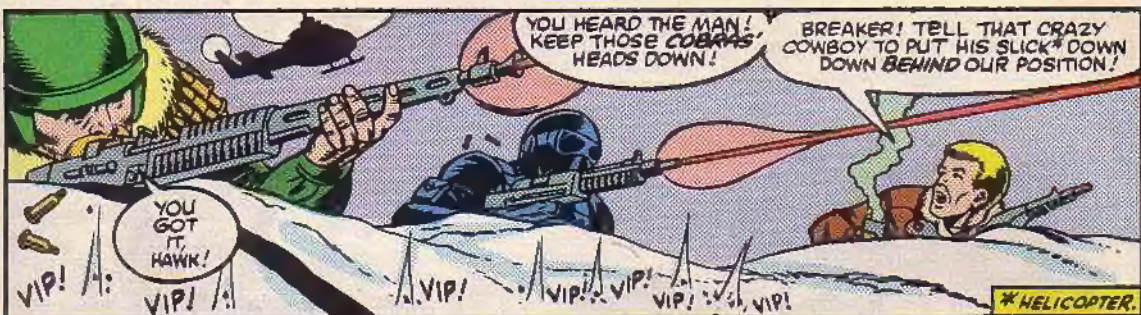
I READ YOU,
WILD BILL. YOU WANT IT, YOU
GOT IT!

THIS IS
WILD BILL
CALLING G.I.
JOE TEAM
LEADER. CLEAR
ME AN LZ
AND POP ME
SOME RECOG-
NITION SMOKE.
AND GIVE ME
SOME HEAVY
FIRE-SUPPRESSION,
I DON'T WANT MY
TAIL ROTOR SHOT
OFF...
OVER.

THE PIPELINE PLOY!

LARRY HAMA - MIKE VOSBURG - JON D'AGOSTINO - RICK PARKER - CHRISTIE SCHEELÉ - DENNIS O'NEIL - JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPTER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF

TALES OF G.I. JOE: Vol. 1, No. 11, November, 1988. Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD COMPANY. James E. Gallion, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President. Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 1016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. All prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of HASBRO, INC. and the distinct likenesses of the characters to which those names are applied are the property of HASBRO, INC., and the trademarks and likenesses are used with permission of HASBRO, INC. G.I. JOE A REAL AMERICAN HERO® Copyright © 1983-1988 by HASBRO, INC. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1988 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.50 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.00 in Canada. Subscription rate \$18.00 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, \$20.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, not in a mutilated condition. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO G.I. JOE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.



GUNG-HO, SNOW JOB
AND DOC ARE RELIEVING
YOU ON THE LINE!



HAWK, IT'S FIVE BELOW
ZERO AND THAT MANIAC
GYRENE IS RUNNIN' BARE-
CHESTED JUST SO WE
WON'T MISS HIS CORPUS
TATTOO.



DON'T TALK
WITH YOUR MOUTH
FULL, ROCK'N ROLL,
IT'S DISGUSTING.

-- I'LL
BRIEF
YOU AT
YOUR
POSTS.



BLANG!



WHEN THEY SAW YOUR SLICK COMING IN, THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT IT WAS A TANK-KILLER GUN-SHIP.



THEIR LAST TWO TANKS TOOK OFF FOLLOWING THE PIPELINE SOUTH AGAIN--

YOU'RE RIGHT, HAWK! THE COBRA INFANTRY IS WITHDRAWING! THEY'RE DOUBLETIMING ALONG THE TANK TRACKS!

ONCE THEY CATCH UP TO THE TANKS, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD TIME. WE CAN'T FOLLOW THEM BECAUSE THE BATTLE BEAR CAN ONLY CARRY TWO OR THREE AT THE MOST...



WELL, LUCKY FOR US COBRA LEAVES A REAL MESSY BATTLE-FIELD...



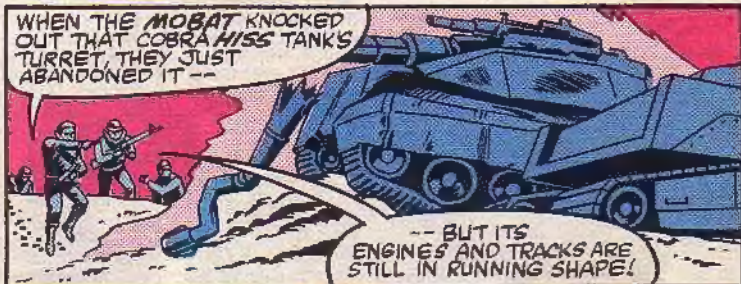
-- LEAVING A REINFORCED FIRE-TEAM TO PIN US DOWN!

"MY GUESS IS THAT THE TANKS ARE GOING TO WAIT JUST OVER THE NEXT RISE..."



"...FOR THE FIRE-TEAM TO CATCH UP TO THEM AS SOON AS THEY PULL OUT OF HERE..."

WHEN THE **MOBAT** KNOCKED OUT THAT COBRA **HISS** TANK'S TURRET, THEY JUST ABANDONED IT --



-- BUT ITS ENGINES AND TRACKS ARE STILL IN RUNNING SHAPE!

ROCK'N ROLL RIDES WITH SNOW JOB ON THE BATTLE BEAR--



-- EVERYBODY ELSE CLIMB ON THE **HISS** WITH ME!



HEY SNOW JOB... WHAT'YA KNOW 'BOUT THIS GUNG-HO CHARACTER? IS HE FROM FLAKE-CITY OR WHAT?

CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, ROCK 'N ROLL...

... ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE'S A CAJUN FROM DOWN NEW ORLEANS WAY AND HE HAS A SISTER WHO'S A HIGH-FASHION MODEL--

SAY WHAT?

-- KNOCK YOUR EYES OUT AND LEAVE THEM SPINNING IN TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLES.



YOU KNOW, MAYBE THE MARINE CORPS HAS SOME SAVING GRACES AFTER ALL. SAY, HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE SISTER?

HE LIKES ME. OFFERED TO SET ME UP WITH A DATE. BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MY TYPE. TELL YOU WHAT I CAN DO THOUGH...

YOU MUST BE SNAKE-EYES. I'M DOC, THE NEW MEDIC. LET ME MAKE A QUICK CHECK ON YOU FOR FROST-BITE...

... FEET AND FINGERS SEEM O.K. ...

... HOWSABOUT WE LIFT THAT MASK AND CHECK OUT YOUR EARS AND NOSE--



UHP!



SORRY, DOC. SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU.

NOBODY EVER TAKES OFF SNAKE-EYES' MASK, EVER.

MANY LEVELS BENEATH THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...

G.I. JOE HAS STUMBLER ON OUR PIPELINE OPERATION SOONER THAN ANTICIPATED. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW, BARONESS? HMMM?



THEY WILL SOON BE NEAR THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT. WE COULD ARRANGE AN "ACCIDENT" THAT COULD COVER OUR TRACKS AND ELIMINATE--

TOO DRASTIC. TOO MUCH REAL ESTATE LEFT GLOWING IN THE DARK. NO, THIS CALLS FOR A SUBTLER HAND.

SUBTLER?

YES A SPECIALIST...



A MAN WITH INFINITE FINESSA AND A CLEAR TACTICAL MIND. IF I AM THE COUNTERPART OF G.I. JOE'S GENERAL FLAGG, THEN THIS MAN IS THE COUNTERPART OF HAWK. HE SHALL BE MY SURROGATE COMMANDER IN THE FIELD.



BARONESS, MAY I INTRODUCE--

WE'VE ALREADY MET, COBRA COMMANDER.



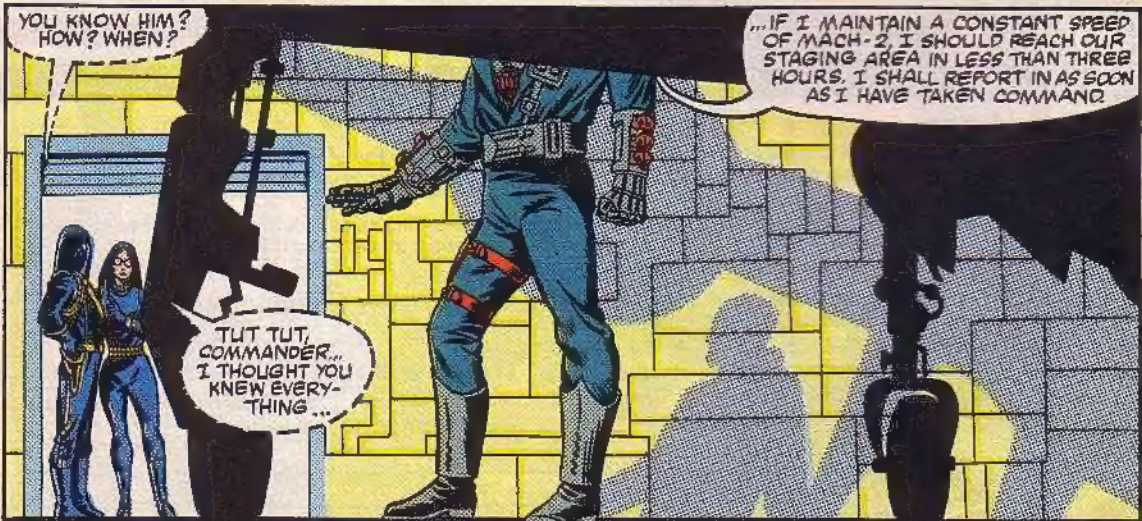
I HAVE RECEIVED MY ORDERS AND MY PLANE IS FUELED AND READY.



YOU KNOW HIM? HOW? WHEN?

TUT TUT, COMMANDER... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EVERYTHING...

...IF I MAINTAIN A CONSTANT SPEED OF MACH-2, I SHOULD REACH OUR STAGING AREA IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS. I SHALL REPORT IN AS SOON AS I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND.



FOUR HOURS
LATER, IN
ALASKA...

WHAT
IS IT,
SNOW JOB?

THEY'VE STOPPED. GROUP OF
INDUSTRIAL-LOOKING BUILDINGS
RIGHT NEXT TO THE PIPELINE.
CAN'T TELL WHAT--

"...MUST BE A
PUMPING STATION.
THEY BUILT ONE
EVERY FIFTY
MILES OR SO TO
MAINTAIN THE
PRESSURE AND
PROVIDE CUTOFF
POINTS IN CASE
OF LEAKS..."

"WHAT COULD *COBRA*
WANT WITH A PUMPING
STATION?"

PUMPING
STATION
#1

BETTER TELL HAWK TO GET
UP HERE. SOMETHING'S
GOING ON...

I
HEAR
YOU.

WELL, WELL, WELL...
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE
UNLOADING CARGO
FROM ONE OF THE
TANKS...

MIGHTY
STRANGE
CARGO
TOO.

"...JUST WHAT IS IT YOU CARRY AROUND
IN DOUBLE-WALLED STAINLESS STEEL
CANISTERS?"

"LOOK! THE SECOND TANK'S
MOVING OUT WITH MOST OF
THE INFANTRY!"

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, ROCK'N ROLL?

I THINK WE SHOULD SPLIT UP AND SEND THE STRONGER FORCE AFTER THE TANK AND INFANTRY...

... SINCE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE MAIN OBJECTIVE AND THE SMALL PARTY IN THE PUMPING STATION IS JUST A REAR-GUARD

SPLIT UP? NOT SO GOOD. I THINK BETTER TO TAKE OUT STATION FIRST, CAPTURE TANK AND THEN GO AFTER MAIN BODY. NO?

I THINK MAYBE THAT SNAKE-EYES HE AGREE WITH ME, HE NODDING LIKE HUNGRY 'GATOR...

SO DO I. BESIDES, I'M REAL CURIOUS ABOUT THOSE CANISTERS.

THAT GUNG-HO IS MAKING IT REAL DIFFICULT FOR ME TO LIKE HIM. YOU SURE ABOUT THAT SISTER OF HIS?

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

FURTHER SOUTH ALONG THE PIPELINE...

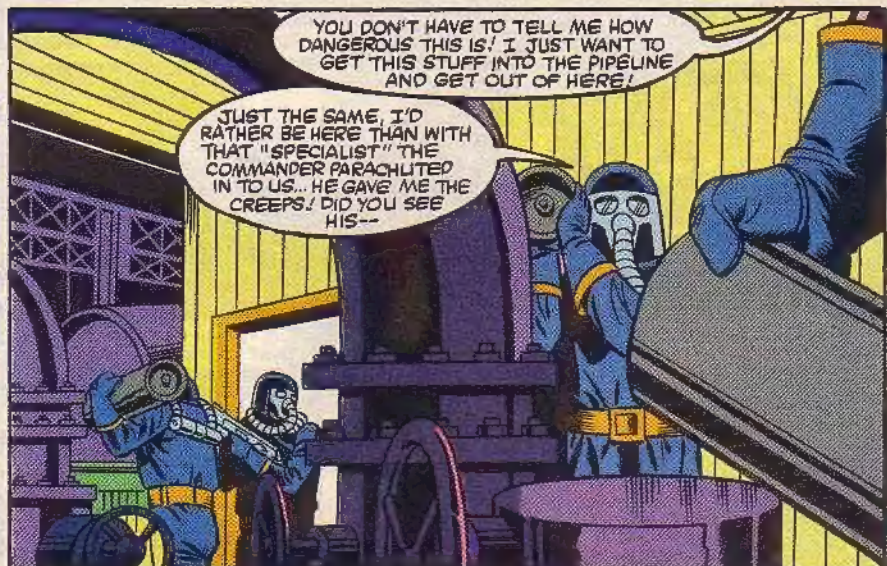
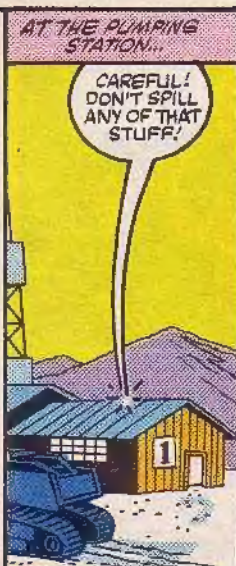
... I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND OF THE MAIN BODY AND AM ENROUTE TO THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE.

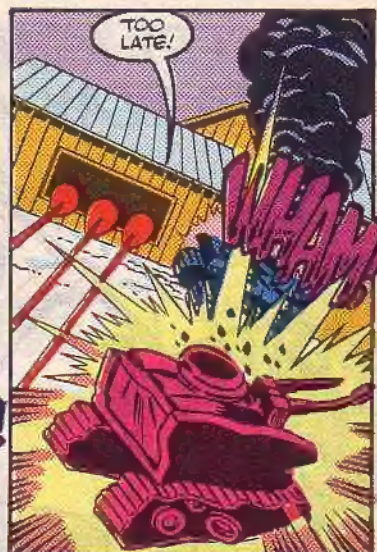
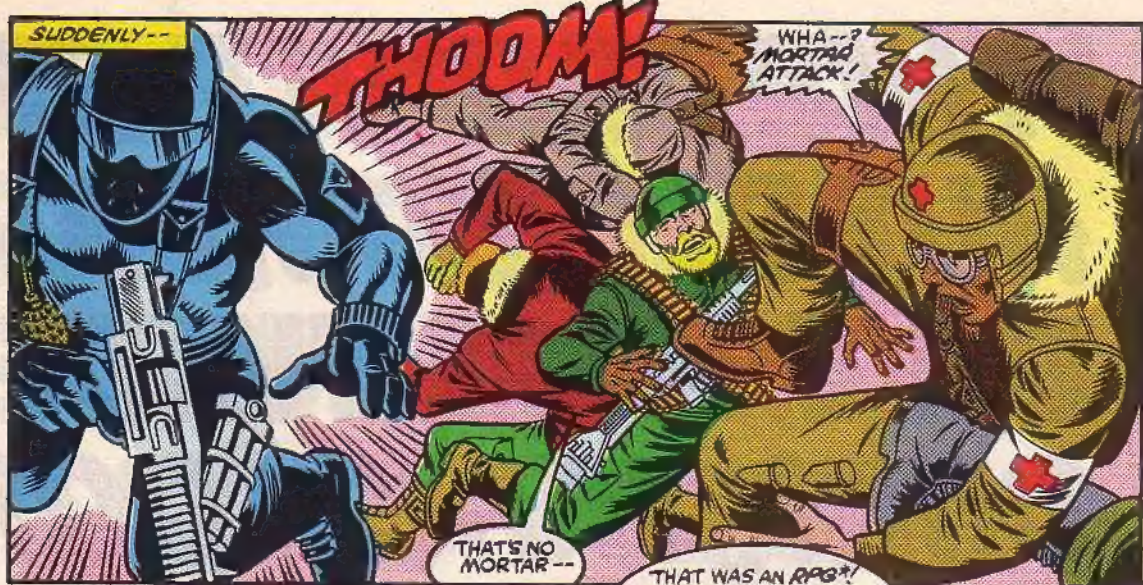
COBRA COMMANDER, I AM REPORTING IN AS ORDERED

THE TECH-CREW HAS INITIATED PROCEDURES AT THE PUMPING STATION--

THE G.I. JOE TEAM SHOULD HAVE THE STATION UNDER OBSERVATION BY NOW...

I HAVE TAKEN THAT INTO CONSIDERATION.





THE ONLY RADIO WE HAVE LEFT IS THE ONE ON THE BATTLE BEAR. WE'LL USE IT IMMEDIATELY TO WARN BREAKER AT THE REAR ABOUT THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW. MAYBE WILD BILL CAN FLY SOUTH AND INTERCEPT IT AT THE NEXT PUMPING STATION...

BRAKKA!

BRAKKA!

BRAKKA!

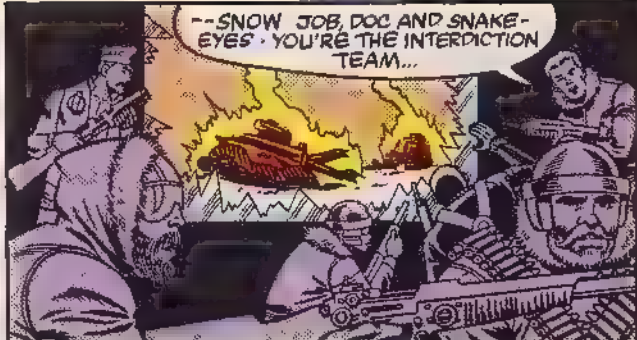
AN INTERDICTION TEAM WILL HAVE TO GO OUT ON THE BEAR TO TRACK DOWN THE REMAINING TANK BEFORE OUR SIX HOURS ARE UP--

VIP!

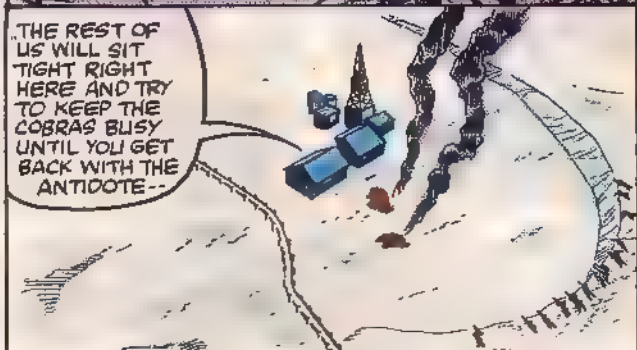
VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

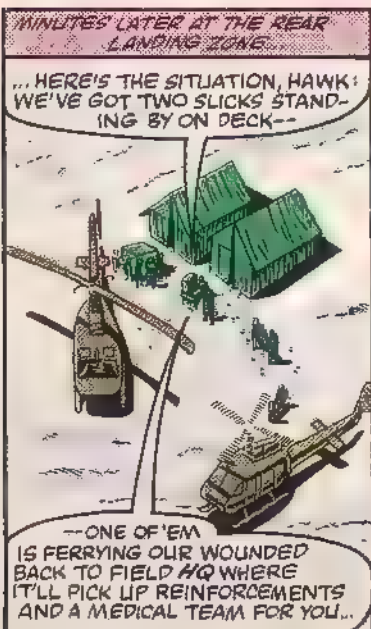
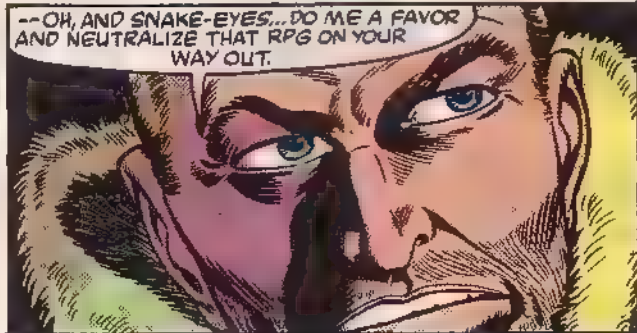


--SNOW JOB, DOC AND SNAKE-EYES. YOU'RE THE INTERDICTION TEAM...



THE REST OF US WILL SIT TIGHT RIGHT HERE AND TRY TO KEEP THE COBRAS BUSY UNTIL YOU GET BACK WITH THE ANTILOOTE--

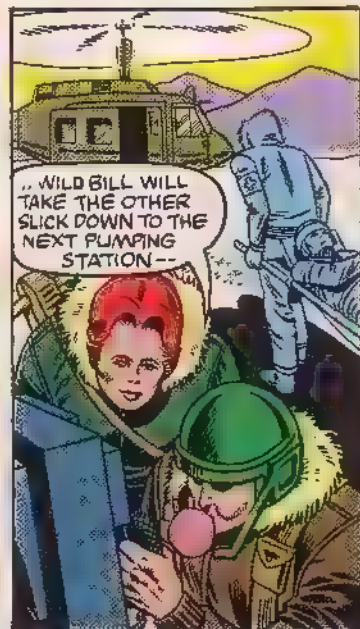
--OH, AND SNAKE-EYES... DO ME A FAVOR AND NEUTRALIZE THAT RPG ON YOUR WAY OUT.



MINUTES LATER AT THE REAR LANDING ZONE...

...HERE'S THE SITUATION, HAWK: WE'VE GOT TWO SLICKS STANDING BY ON DECK--

--ONE OF 'EM IS FERRYING OUR WOUNDED BACK TO FIELD HQ WHERE IT'LL PICK UP REINFORCEMENTS AND A MEDICAL TEAM FOR YOU...



...WILD BILL WILL TAKE THE OTHER SLICK DOWN TO THE NEXT PUMPING STATION--



--HE'S TAKING AIRBORNE AND ZAPALONG FOR BALLAST.

AIRBORNE?

OUR NEW REPLACEMENT. HE'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL OUR PORTABLE AIR-SUPPORT...

BACK AT THE FIRST PLANNING STATION

I'M READY WHENEVER
YOU GUYS ARE.

WAIT UNTIL THAT
RPS SHE FIRE
AGAIN THEN GO
WHILE THEY
RELOADIN, NO?

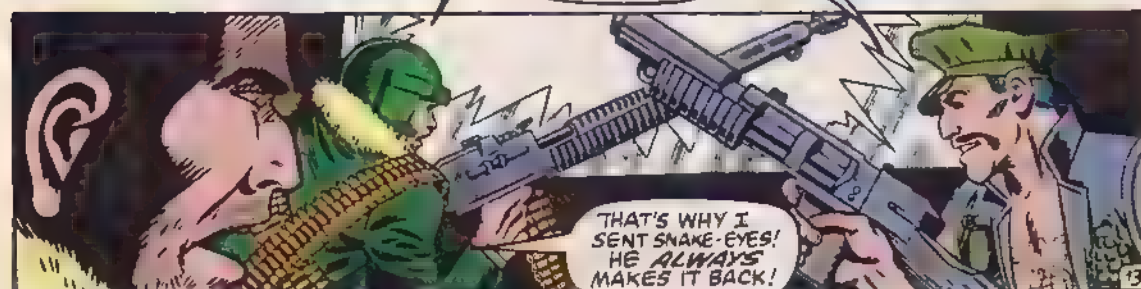
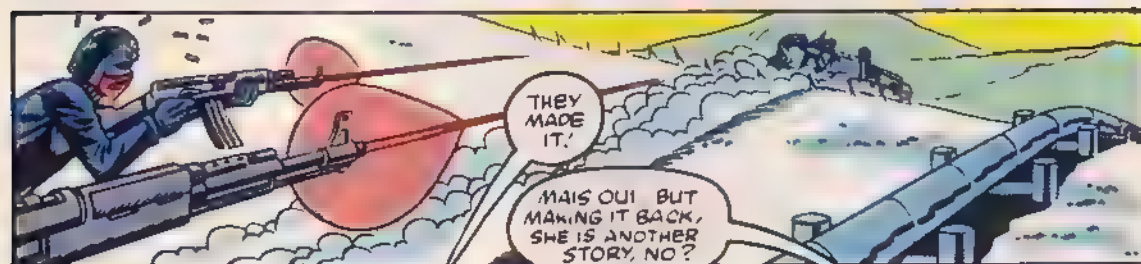
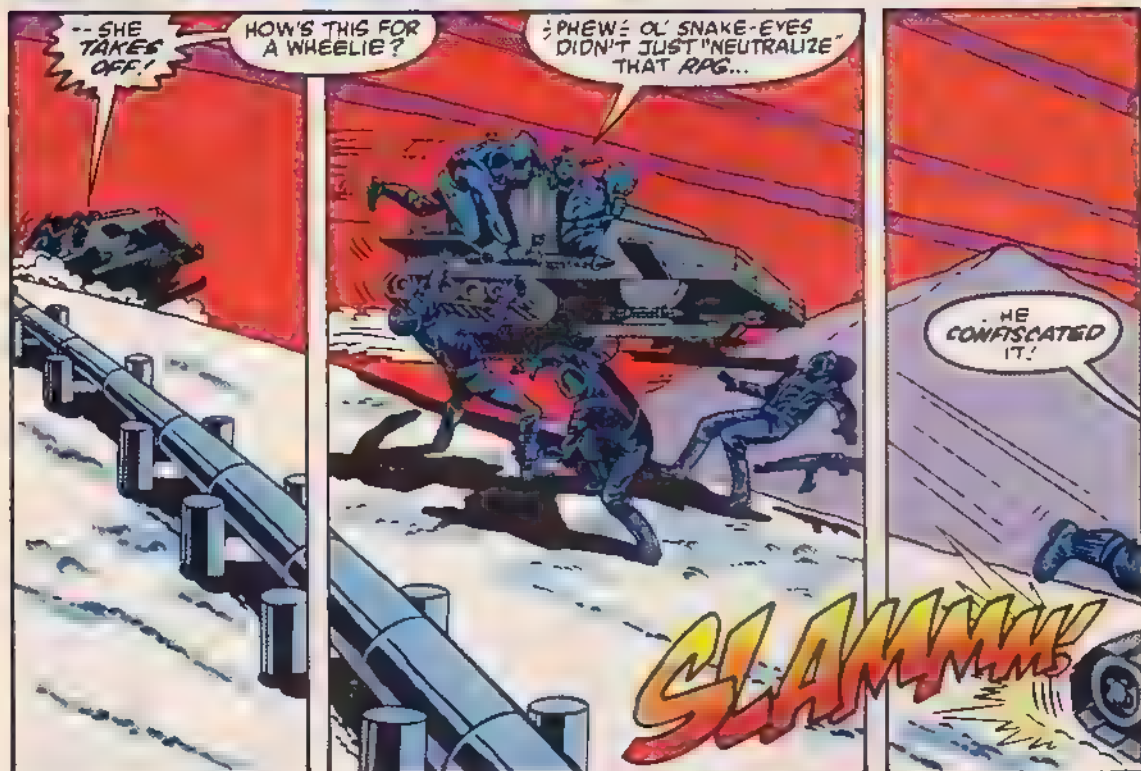
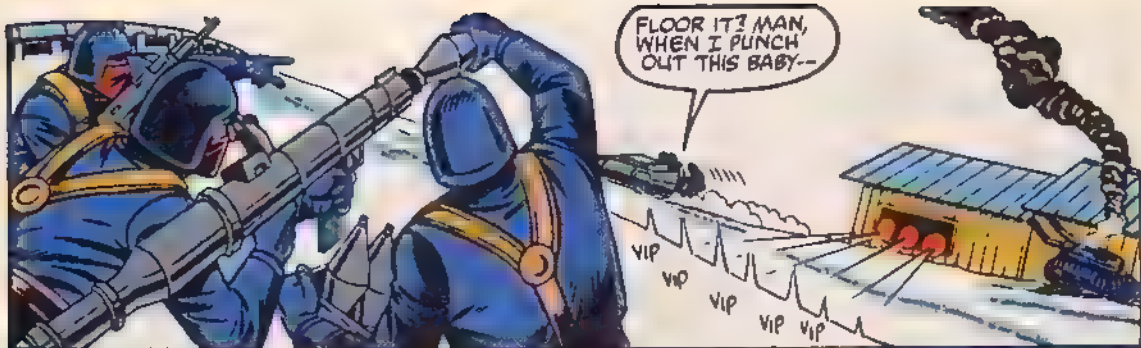
**THAT'S IT!
GET THAT SLED
OUT OF HERE!**

I SEE THEM SNOW JOB
THEY'RE JUST BEHIND
THAT RISE!

MY JOB IS TO GET US THERE.
DOC IT'S UP TO SNAKE-EYES
TO DO THE "NEUTRALIZING"

FLOOR IT, SNOW JOB, THAT
RPG TEAM'S HALFWAY
RELOADED!

RAZAFATRA



...GENERAL FLAGG? THIS IS **BREAKER** AT FIELD HQ. WE ARE REQUESTING IMMEDIATE REINFORCEMENTS FOR HAWK'S TEAM AT THE FIRST PUMPING STATION AND ABSOLUTE QUARANTINE AND CONTAINMENT FOR THE NEXT TWO PUMPING STATIONS AND ALL THE PIPELINE BETWEEN THEM --

OVER

FLAGG HERE. THAT'S A POSITIVE ON THE REINFORCEMENTS AND A QUALIFIED NEGATIVE ON THE QUARANTINE. WE HAVE BARELY ENOUGH PERSONNEL IN THE AREA TO COVER OTHER KEY STRATEGIC SITES, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.

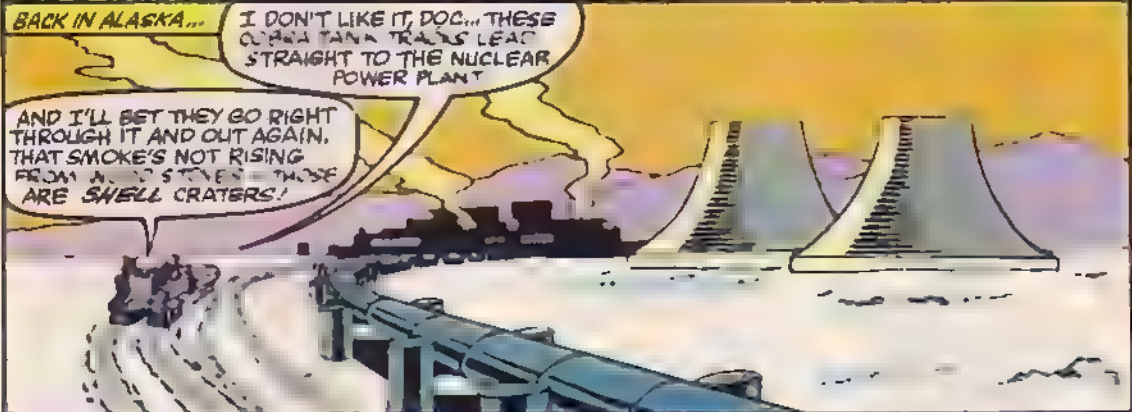
HA HA HA HA **EAVESDROPPING** HAS BECOME CHILD'S PLAY SINCE WE STOLE THE PROGRAM FOR THE G.I. JOE CRYPTO-SCRAMBLER. SOON ALL THE SECURITY FORCES IN THE REGION WILL BE SPREAD OUT OVER 50 MILES OF PIPELINE!



BACK IN ALASKA...

I DON'T LIKE IT, DOC... THESE QUR'AN TANK TRAILS LEAD STRAIGHT TO THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT.

AND I'LL BET THEY GO RIGHT THROUGH IT AND OUT AGAIN. THAT SMOKE'S NOT RISING FROM A HOT STOVE--THOSE ARE **SHELL CRATERS!**

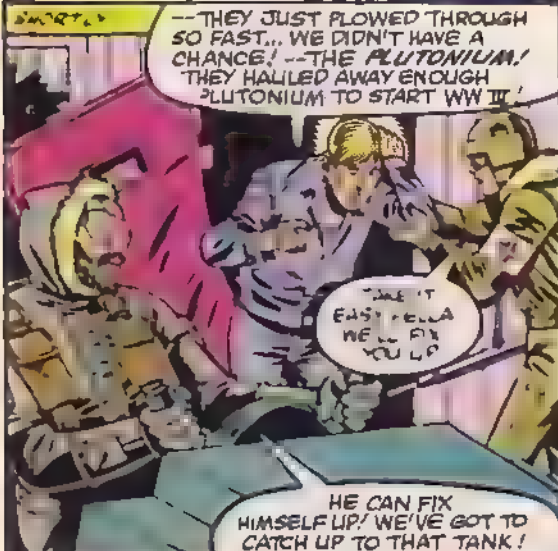


SHORTLY

--THEY JUST FLOWED THROUGH SO FAST... WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! --THE **PLUTONIUM!** THEY HAILED AWAY ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO START WW III!

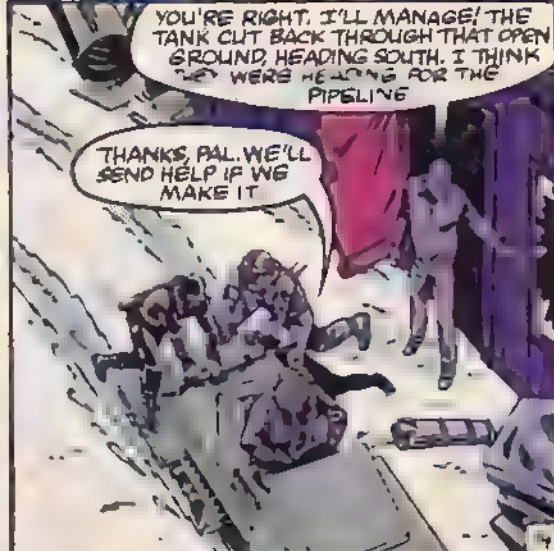
TAKE IT EASY, PELLA. WE'LL FIX YOU UP.

HE CAN FIX HIMSELF UP! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP TO THAT TANK!

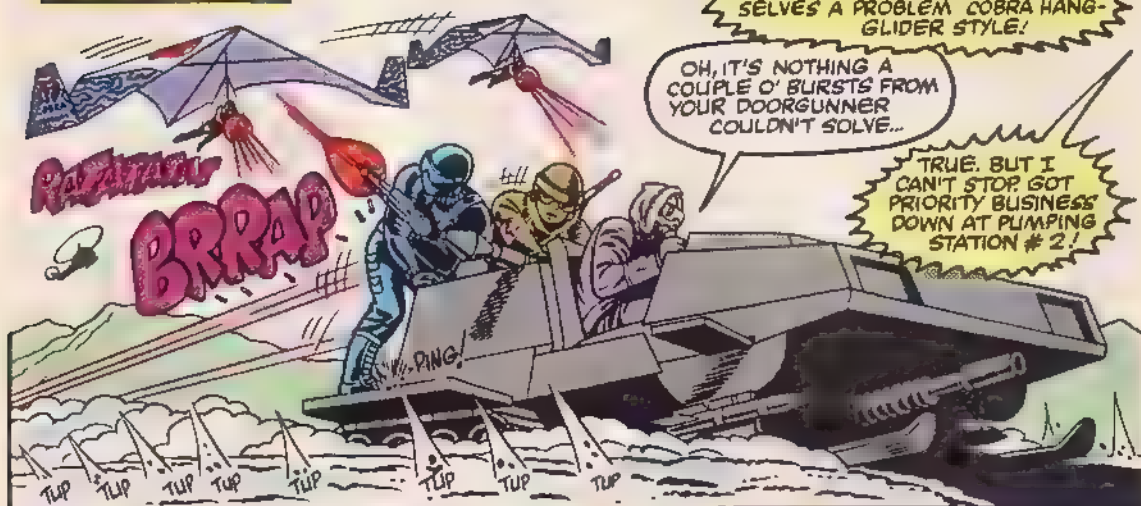


YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL MANAGE! THE TANK CUT BACK THROUGH THAT OPEN GROUND, HEADING SOUTH. I THINK THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE PIPELINE.

THANKS, PAL. WE'LL SEND HELP IF WE MAKE IT.



MINUTES LATER...



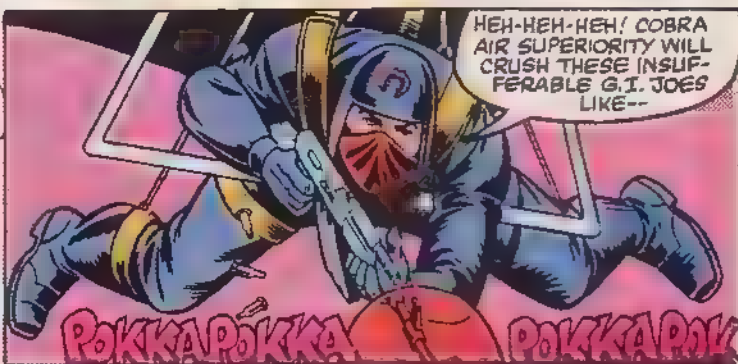
SNOW JOB, THIS IS WILD BILL...
LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS GOT YOUR-
SELVES A PROBLEM COBRA HANG-
GLIDER STYLE!

OH, IT'S NOTHING A
COUPLE O' BURSTS FROM
YOUR DOORGUNNER
COULDN'T SOLVE...

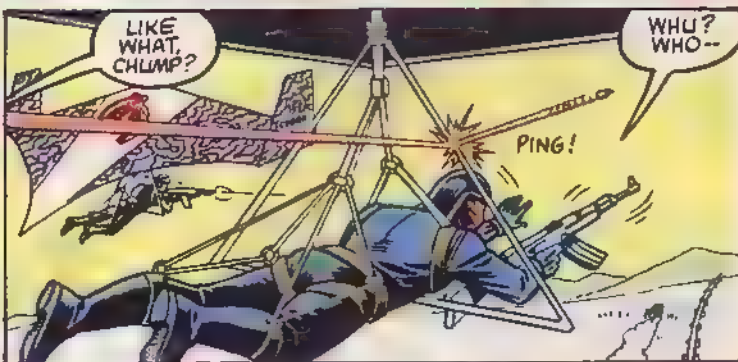
TRUE. BUT I
CAN'T STOP GOT
PRIORITY BUSINESS
DOWN AT PUMPING
STATION # 2!



BEST
I CAN
DO IS
EVEN
UP THE
ODDS
A BIT!



HEH-HEH-HEH! COBRA
AIR SUPERIORITY WILL
CRUSH THESE INSUF-
FERABLE G.I. JOES
LIKE--



LIKE
WHAT,
CHUMP?

WHU?
WHO--



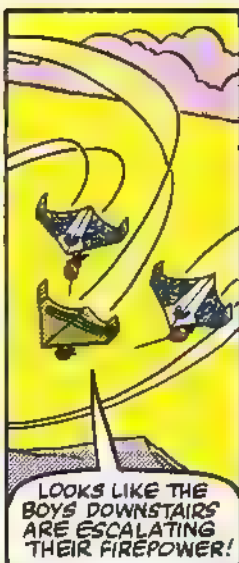
THE NAME'S AIRBORNE,
AND I'M THE NEW JOE IN
TOWN!



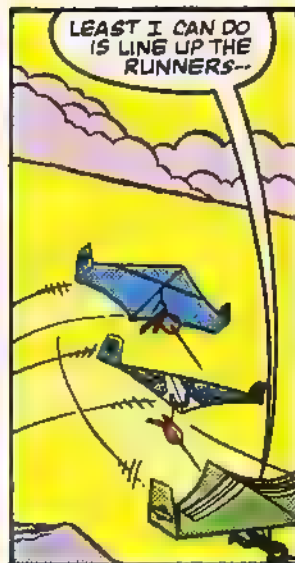
YOU GUYS UP FOR SOME AERIAL CHICKEN?



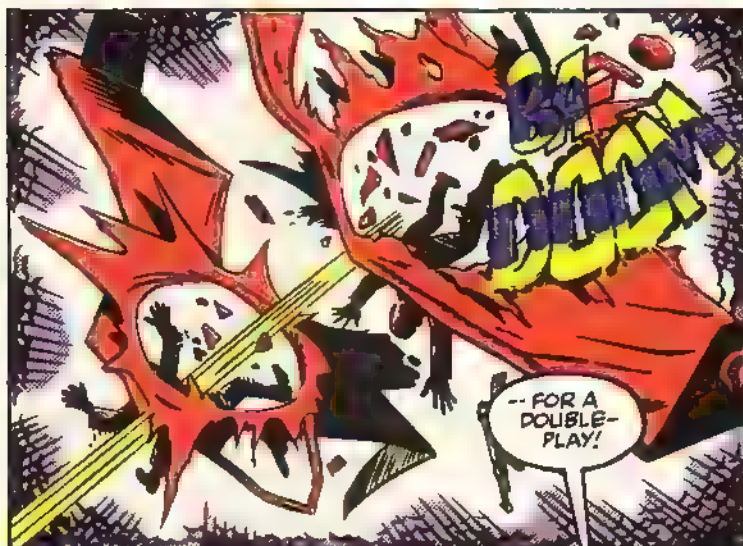
USE THE RAG, SNAKE-EYES!



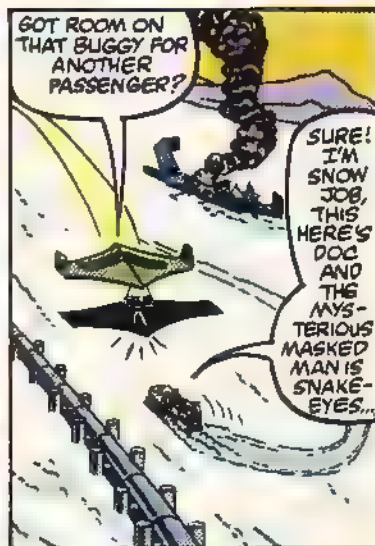
LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS DOWNSTAIRS ARE ESCALATING THEIR FIREPOWER!



LEAST I CAN DO IS LINE UP THE RUNNERS--

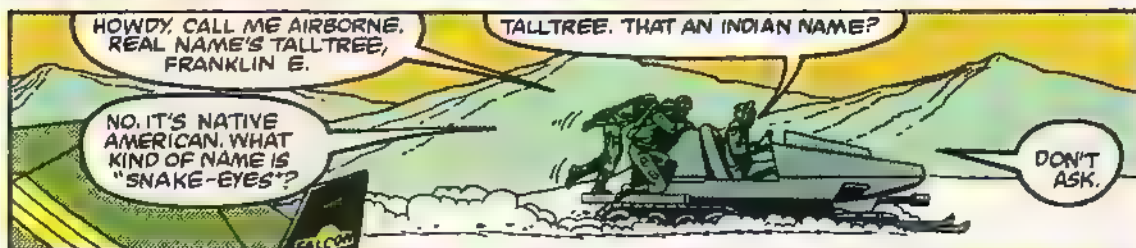


-- FOR A DOUBLE-PLAY!



GOT ROOM ON THAT BUGGY FOR ANOTHER PASSENGER?

SURE! I'M SNOW JOB, THIS HERE'S DOC AND THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED MAN IS SNAKE-EYES...

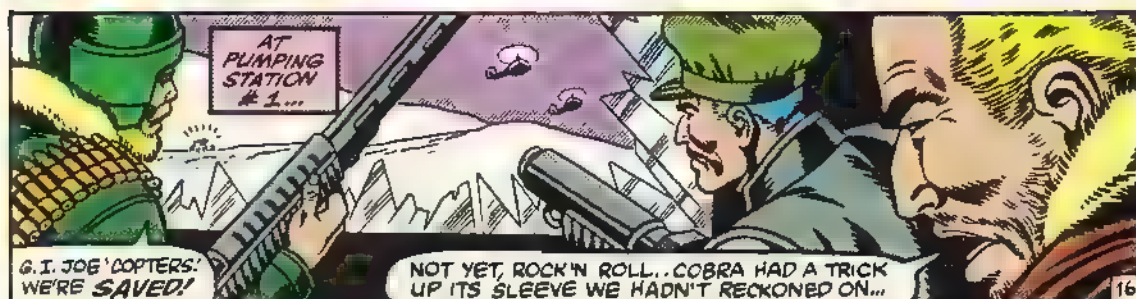


HOWDY, CALL ME AIRBORNE. REAL NAME'S TALLTREE, FRANKLIN E.

TALLTREE. THAT AN INDIAN NAME?

NO, IT'S NATIVE AMERICAN. WHAT KIND OF NAME IS "SNAKE-EYES"?

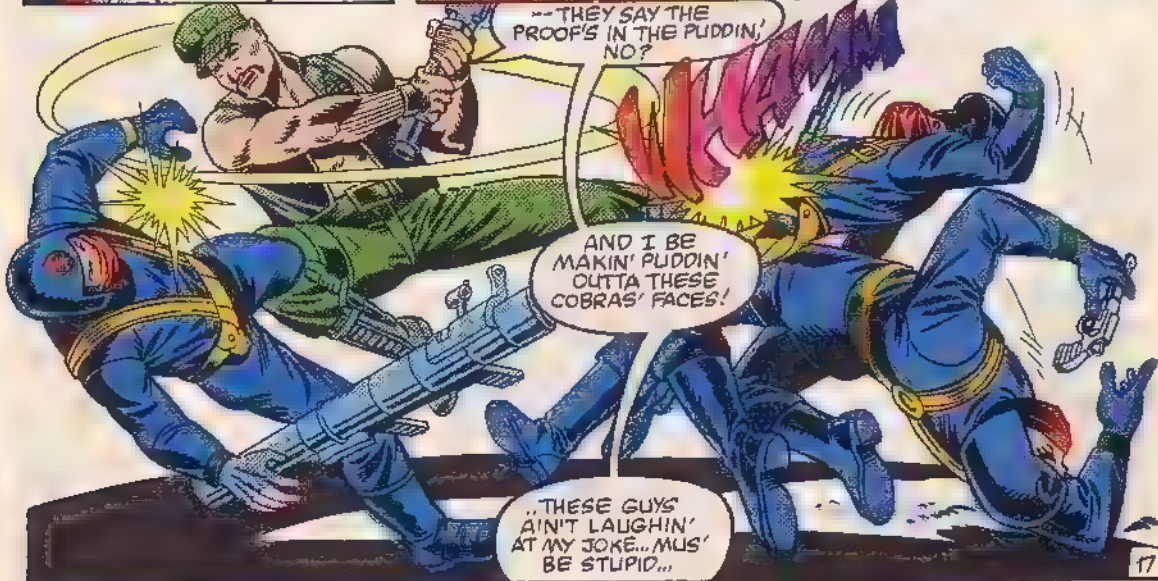
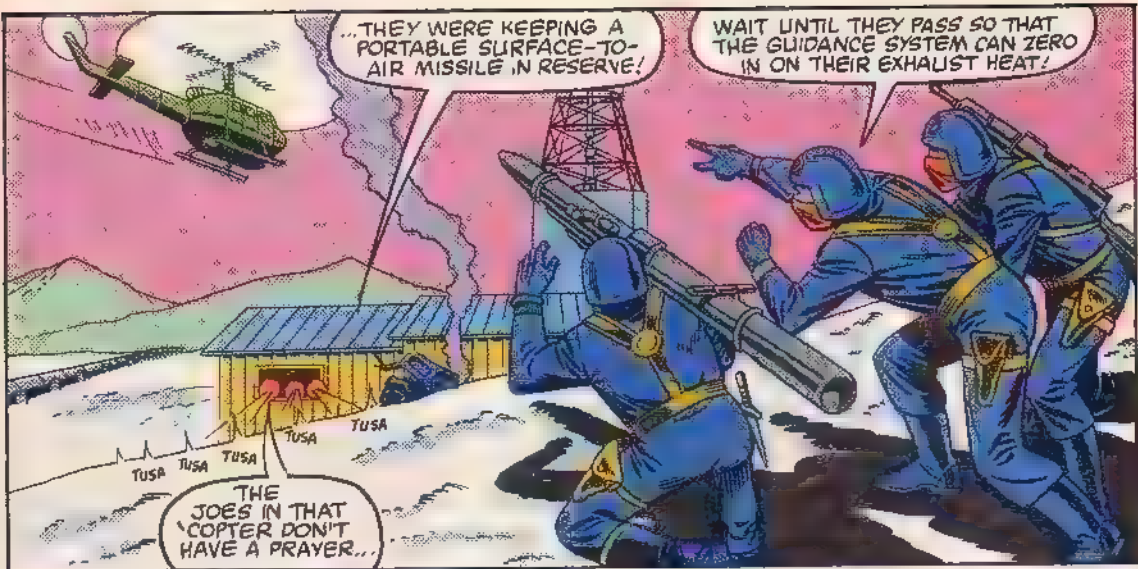
DON'T ASK.

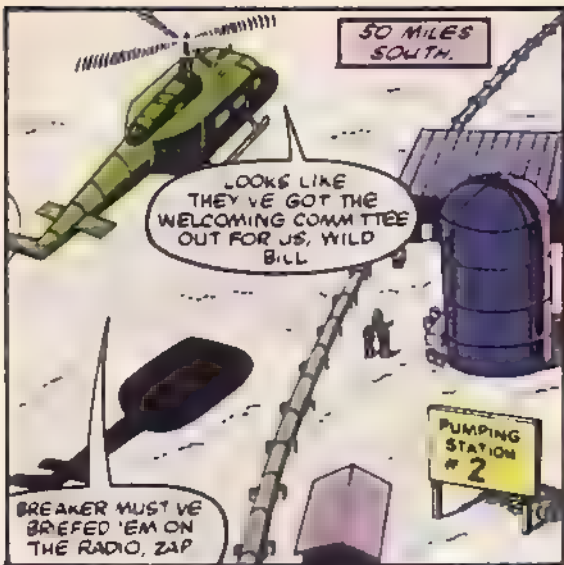


AT PUMPING STATION #1...

G.I. JOE 'COPTERS: WE'RE SAVED!

NOT YET, ROCK'N ROLL... COBRA HAD A TRICK UP ITS SLEEVE WE HADN'T RECKONED ON...





LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE OUT FOR US, WILD BILL

BREAKER MUST VE BRIEFED 'EM ON THE RADIO, ZAP



HI WE'RE THE OIL COMPANY'S MAINTENANCE CREW

WE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE FROM YOUR HQ ABOUT CUTTING OFF THE OIL FLOW AND WE'RE WORKING ON IT NOW--

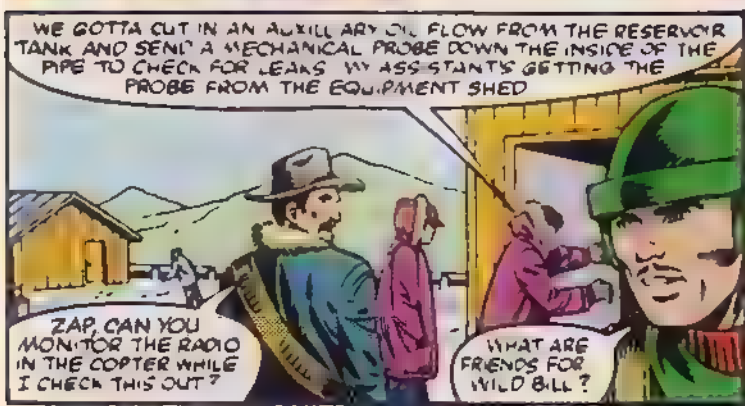


ALL THAT TECHNICAL STUFF IS YOUR TURF OUR JOB IS SECURITY AND QUARANTINE

QUARANTINE? WHERE WE GONNA GO HUH? THE OPERA?



C'MON INSIDE AND GET WARM THIS MIGHT TAKE SOME TIME Y'SEE WE JUST CAN'T CUT OFF THE OIL FLOW COLD--THE PIPES WOULD FREEZE AND BURST IF THEY WERE EMPTY



WE GOTTA CUT IN AN AUXILIARY OIL FLOW FROM THE RESERVOIR TANK AND SEND A MECHANICAL PROBE DOWN THE INSIDE OF THE PIPE TO CHECK FOR LEAKS MY ASSISTANT'S GETTING THE PROBE FROM THE EQUIPMENT SHED

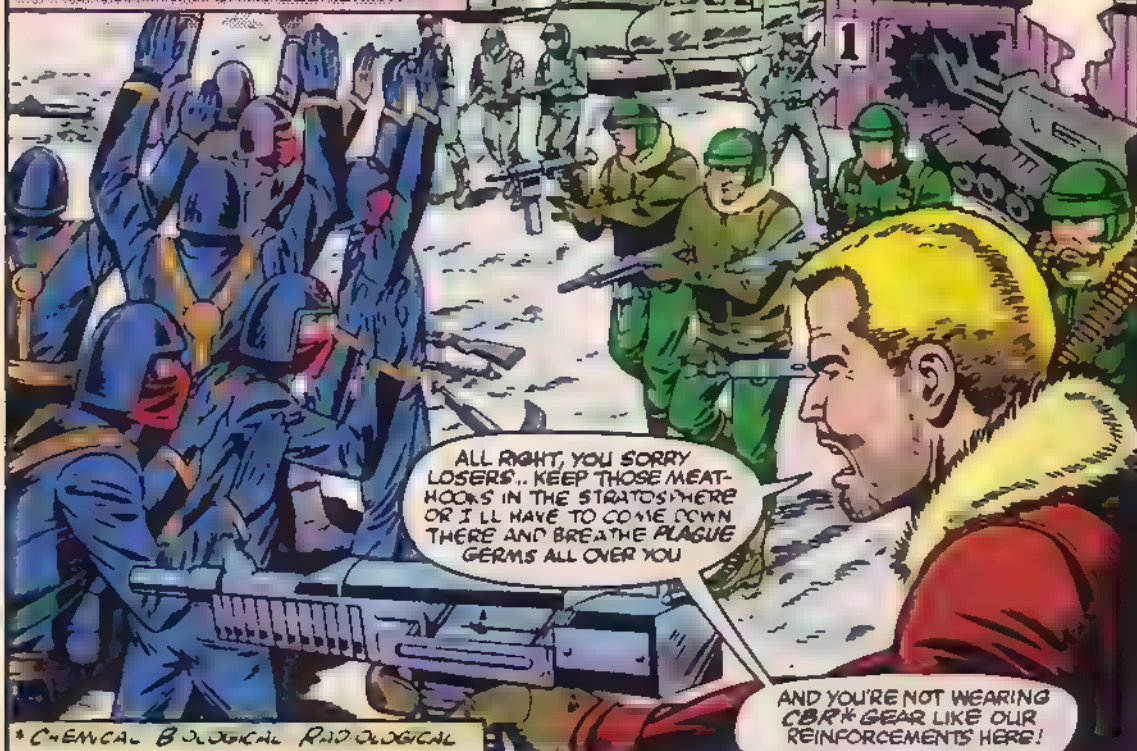
ZAP, CAN YOU MONITOR THE RADIO IN THE COPTER WHILE I CHECK THIS OUT?

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR WILD BILL?



THAT IS CORRECT COBRA COMMANDER I AM IN POSITION AND STANDING BY TO OVERSEE THE FINAL STAGES OF YOUR PLAN EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING ON SCHEDULE

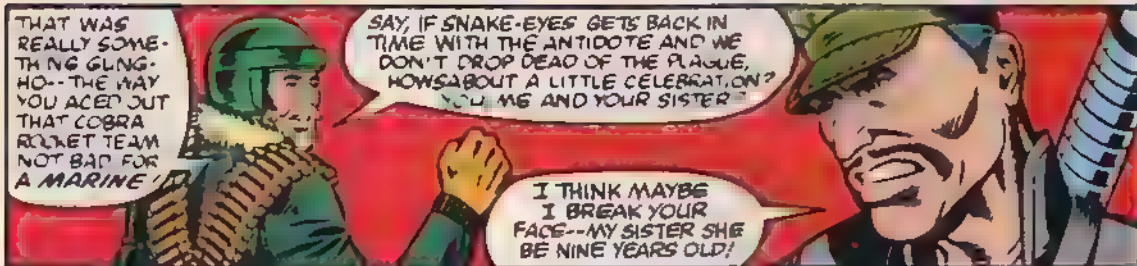
BACK AT PUMPING STATION #1 THE G.I. JOE REINFORCEMENTS HAVE LANDED SAFELY AND FORCED THE SURRENDER OF THE COBRA INFANTRY ELEMENT...



ALL RIGHT, YOU SORRY LOSERS... KEEP THOSE MEAT-HOOKS IN THE STRATOSPHERE OR I'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THERE AND BREATHE THE PLAGUE GERMS ALL OVER YOU

AND YOU'RE NOT WEARING CBR* GEAR LIKE OUR REINFORCEMENTS HERE!

*CHEMICAL BIOLOGICAL RADIOLOGICAL



THAT WAS REALLY SOMETHING GUNG-HO-- THE WAY YOU ACED OUT THAT COBRA ROCKET TEAM NOT BAD FOR A MARINE

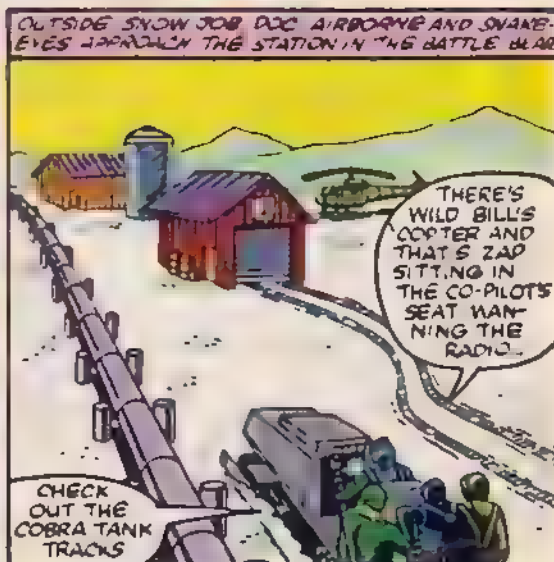
SAY, IF SNAKE-EYES GETS BACK IN TIME WITH THE ANTIDOTE AND WE DON'T DROP DEAD OF THE PLAGUE, HOWSABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION? YOU, ME AND YOUR SISTER

I THINK MAYBE I BREAK YOUR FACE--MY SISTER SHE BE NINE YEARS OLD!



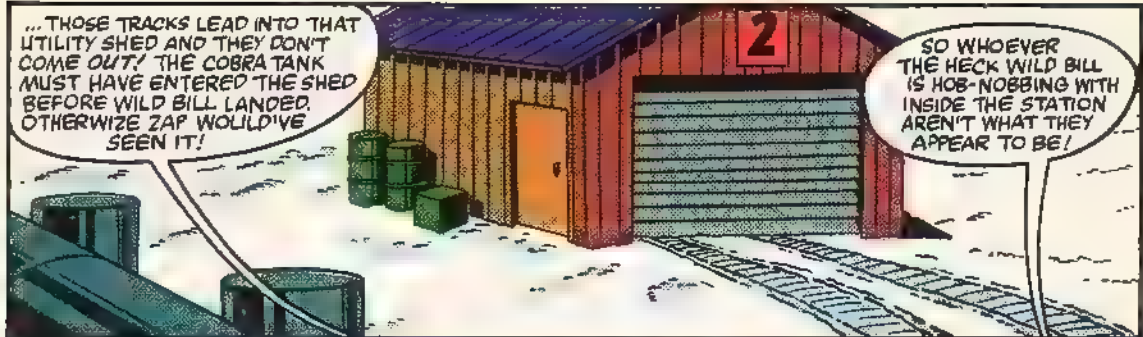
AT PUMPING STATION #2 THE "PROBE" IS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED

THE PROBE CONTAINS A SMALL RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT TO AID IN TRACKING... IT'S ACTUALLY VERY SAFE THESE SUITS ARE SIMPLY TO SATISFY COMPANY SAFETY REGULATIONS...



OUTSIDE SNOW JOB DOG AIRBORNE AND SNAKE-EYES APPROACH THE STATION IN THE BATTLE WAGON

CHECK OUT THE COBRA TANK TRACKS



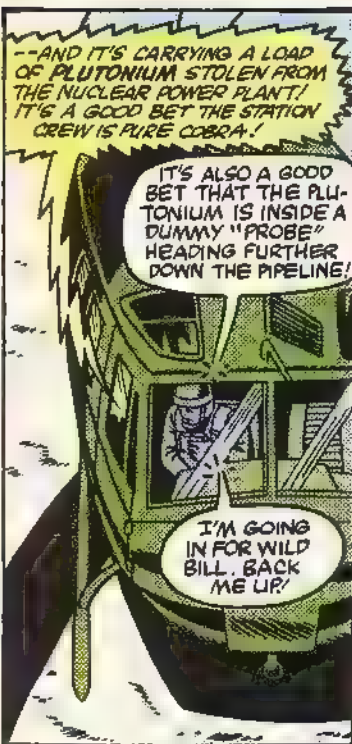
...THOSE TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT UTILITY SHED AND THEY DON'T COME OUT! THE COBRA TANK MUST HAVE ENTERED THE SHED BEFORE WILD BILL LANDED. OTHERWISE ZAP WOULD'VE SEEN IT!

SO WHOEVER THE HECK WILD BILL IS HOB-NOBBLING WITH INSIDE THE STATION AREN'T WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE!



COBRA! THEY'VE BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US FROM THE START!

ZAP, THIS IS SNOW JOB. WE'RE NEXT TO THE PIPELINE APPROACHING THE UTILITY SHED. THERE'S A COBRA TANK IN THE SHED--



--AND IT'S CARRYING A LOAD OF PLUTONIUM STOLEN FROM THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT! IT'S A GOOD BET THE STATION CREW IS PURE COBRA!

IT'S ALSO A GOOD BET THAT THE PLUTONIUM IS INSIDE A DUMMY "PROBE" HEADING FURTHER DOWN THE PIPELINE!

I'M GOING IN FOR WILD BILL. BACK ME UP!



SNAKE-EYES IS GOING AFTER THE COBRA TANK BY HIMSELF?

IT'S ONLY ONE TANK, RIGHT?

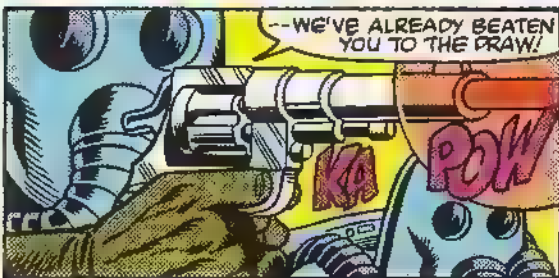


ZAP, WHAT THE--

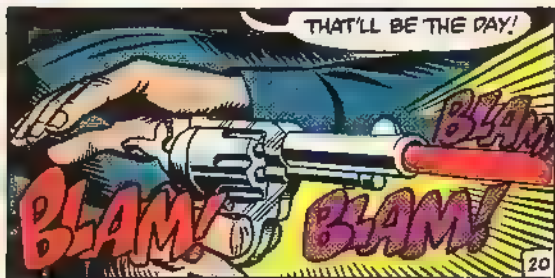
HA! YOU'RE BOTH DEAD MEN--

TAKE 'EM OUT WILD BILL! THEY'RE COBRA!

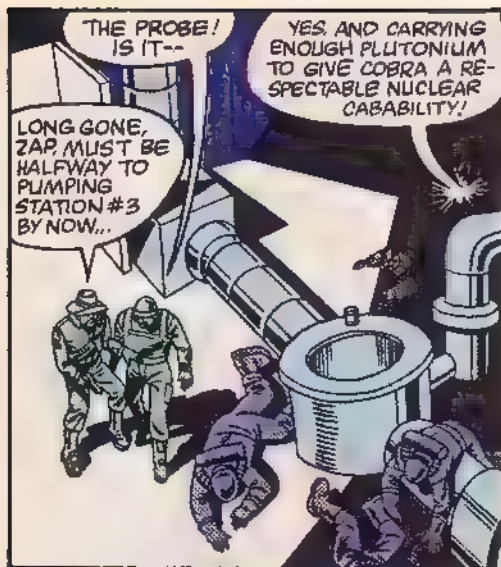
SLAM!



--WE'VE ALREADY BEATEN YOU TO THE DRAW!



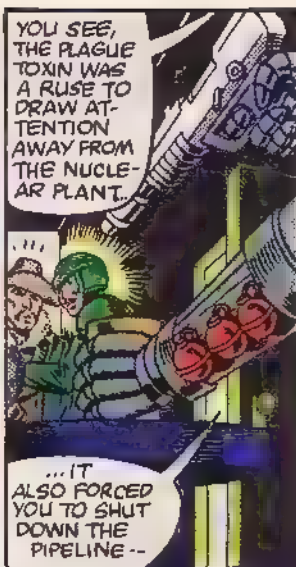
THAT'LL BE THE DAY!



THE PROBE!
IS IT--

LONG GONE,
ZAP MUST BE
HALFWAY TO
PUMPING
STATION #3
BY NOW...

YES, AND CARRYING
ENOUGH PLUTONIUM
TO GIVE COBRA A RE-
SPECTABLE NUCLEAR
CAPABILITY!



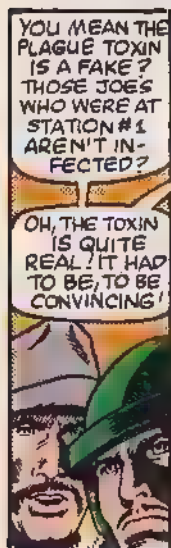
YOU SEE,
THE PLAGUE
TOXIN WAS
A RUSE TO
DRAW AT-
TENTION
AWAY FROM
THE NUCLE-
AR PLANT.

...IT
ALSO FORCED
YOU TO SHUT
DOWN THE
PIPELINE --



PROVIDING AN EXCUSE FOR
THE PROBE TO CARRY THE
PLUTONIUM DOWN THE
PIPELINE

...TO STATION #3
WHERE A COBRA
HELICOPTER CREW IS
WAITING TO FLY IT OUT
OF THE COUNTRY!

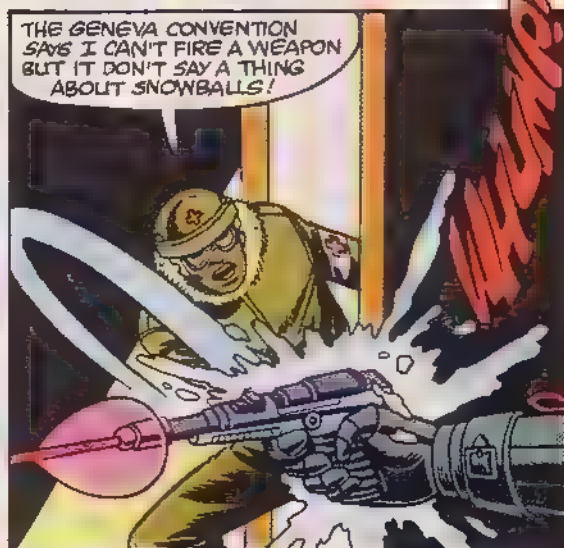


YOU MEAN THE
PLAGUE TOXIN
IS A FAKE?
THOSE JOES
WHO WERE AT
STATION #1
AREN'T IN-
FECTED?

OH, THE TOXIN
IS QUITE
REAL! IT HAD
TO BE, TO BE
CONVINCING!



IN FACT, I'M
HOLDING THE
ONLY SUPPLY OF
ANTIDOTE FOR THAT
PARTICULAR
STRAIN--



THE GENEVA CONVENTION
SAYS I CAN'T FIRE A WEAPON
BUT IT DON'T SAY A THING
ABOUT SNOWBALLS!



--OR
TACKLING!

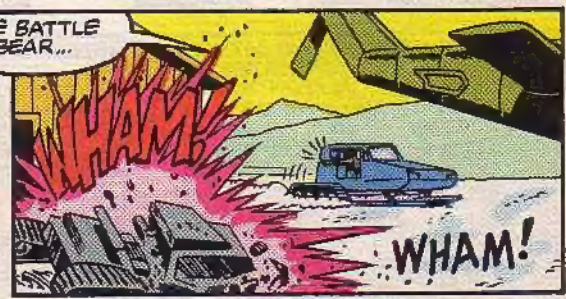
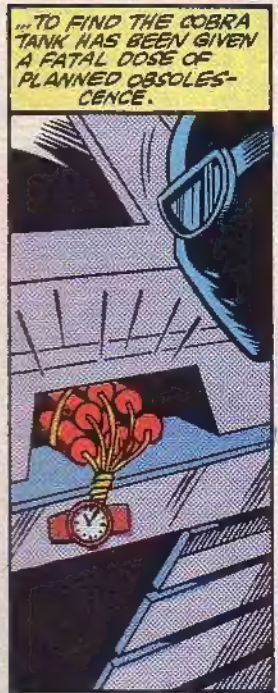
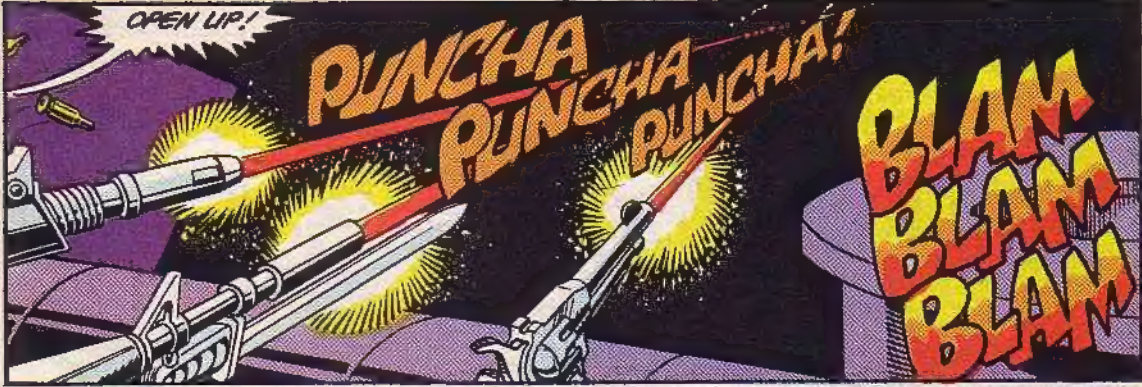


HOLD YOUR
FIRE! THEY'RE
BOTH IN THE
SHADOWS!



YOU DARE TO LAY YOUR
FILTHY HANDS ON ME?

DOC'S
CLEAR--





QUICK! GET IN THE HELICOPTER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE ONLY ANTIDOTE AND TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

NO! WE HAVE TO STOP THE PLUTONIUM FIRST!

AND BESIDES, I MANAGED TO GRAB THE ANTIDOTE WHILE I WAS BEATING THAT COBRA BUM MERCILESSLY ABOUT THE SOLES OF HIS BOOTS WITH MY FACE!



TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH AT STATION #3...

A G.I. JOE HELICOPTER! SHALL WE--

NO. THAT COBRA SPECIALIST MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED IT. BESIDES, WE OUTGUN THEM.



IT'S ALL OVER, GUYS, WE CAPTURED STATION #2 AND REINSTATED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW. YOU'RE ALL INFECTED AND HAVE SIX HOURS TO LIVE.

WE'RE WILLING TO MAKE A TRADE, THE PLUTONIUM FOR THE ANTIDOTE. BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MINDS BEFORE YOUR SIX HOURS ARE UP.

MINUTES LATER...

MADE THEIR MINDS UP RIGHT QUICK, DIDN'T THEY, PARD?

THEY MAY BE EVIL, BUT THEY'RE NOT STUPID.



BACK AT THE G.I. JOE BASE CAMP...

LET'S GET EVERYBODY LINED UP SO I CAN INJECT YOU WITH THE REAL ANTIDOTE



SO WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE YOU TRADED TO THE COBRAS FOR THE PLUTONIUM?

TETANUS BOOSTER FROM MY FIELD KIT. THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STEPPING ON RUSTY NAILS FOR TWENTY YEARS!

BUT WON'T THEY CARRY THE PLAGUE TO--

NOPE, WE NEVER REALLY TURNED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW BACK ON, WE JUST SAID WE DID...

...I MUST ADMIT IT WAS QUESTIONABLE MEDICAL PRACTICE. LYING TO A PATIENT IS SUCH A NO-NO...



TALKIN' ABOUT LYIN'... I GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH THIS SKUNK ON SKIS OVER THERE--



--HOW COME YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS NINE YEARS OLD?

YOU DIDN'T ASK.

THAT WAS JUST THE "SET UP" ROCK'N ROLL...



...NEXT, HE WAS GOING TO HIT YOU UP FOR TWENTY BUCKS TO SET UP THE "DATE". BUT ACTUALLY, HE NEVER REALLY LIED TO YOU. GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS A CHILD MODEL AND SHE'S QUITE BEAUTIFUL...

...AND SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE OF HER BIG BROTHER'S PALS TAKE HER TO THE FOUNTAIN FOR A DOUBLE-DIP ICE-CREAM SODA!

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "SNOW JOB!"



NEXT

THREE STRIKES FOR SNAKE-EYES!

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